

round 1 – *ding ding ding*

the artwork was to be called 'Blow'	...	a term in boxing for a punch that makes contact
it suggests a hard hit has been landed on the opponent	...	to bring the one landing the strike closer to victory
and to ensure fairness and equality in the boxing ring	...	opponents are usually well matched in terms of
height	...	weight
age	...	gender
such measures validate the strike or blow that lands	...	and accurately reflect the boxer's worth
determining skill and dexterity	...	yet some blows are mimics
staged provocations	...	no contact made
	...	and so

round 2 – *ding ding ding*

the artwork was to involve two participants	...	of equal
height	...	weight
age	...	but of opposing genders
seen boxing	...	or to be more precise throwing punches as if boxing
so as not to make contact	...	the falsity creating a bluff
not to negate the intensity of seeing a punch delivered	...	as in belief at fists wielded in the movies
we anticipate the thumping shudder on our own bodies	...	feel the smack on skin whether there's contact or not
for even if we know and believe the strike not to be real	...	the act of witness still evokes as if seeing it <i>as</i> real
bang bang bang	...	thud thud thud
"ooh"	...	"ouch"
"wooah"	...	"shish"
it would last around twenty minutes	...	by which time the opponents would be exhausted
physically spent and on their knees	...	sweating
wheezing	...	muscles burning
	...	and so

round 3 – *ding ding ding*

the audience were to be in close contact	...	as passive participants
the two opponents would ‘throw’ punches at each other	...	blows to never make contact
the failures presenting a paradox	...	a violence to be stopped yet false in delivery
provoking a sense of judgement	...	even if they could tell the blows weren’t making contact
introducing thoughts of morality on pugilism	...	and imbalance
bringing a heightened awareness of self	...	as observers
as contributors to the act itself	...	and how they rationalize that
well that was my hope	...	to give a moment of pause of thought
	...	and so

round 4 – *ding ding ding*

and I asked many men who box to take part	...	to be my opponent
this included my boxing trainer	...	who was not frightened of tapping my chin in sparring
but none would be seen 'hitting' a woman	...	even though the act would be staged and without contact
this artwork was developed five years ago	...	in 2011
yet this work has never been made	...	it's in limbo
no two opponents facing one other in a crowded room	...	fists raised
a woman and a man	...	squared up as equals
no play to be had on balance and imbalance	...	no audience to witness
it is stuck in the locker room of the gym	...	hand wraps on ready to wear boxing gloves
sat waiting on the bench	...	waiting for something to happen
left in the studio	...	in drawings that show how it might look
stuck fermenting in my head		imagining the sweat
the aggro	...	the blow
		and so